

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## THE SEA WOLF

By JACK LONDON

Condensation by Clifton B. Carberry



Jack London was born, with the love of adventure in his veins, at San Francisco, Jan. 12, 1874. He started his education at the University of California, but did not finish it there, for the strenuous life was to be his school, and all humanity were to be his teachers, any strange place his schoolroom. Now he was in the Klondike; now

at sea before the mast; then he was in Japan and seal hunting in Bering Sea; again he was tramping through the United States and Canada, learning all he could of men and their ways; he was journalist and lecturer, war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war, and ever and anon making those voyages which kept the eyes of the world upon him. How he broke into the realm of letters he has vividly described; his own great battle with John Barleycorn, told with unusual frankness, did a great deal to set the stage for John's present tragic plight; his own personality kept the great reading public as interested as did the creations of his imagination; his books came thick and fast, beginning with 1900, sometimes two and three a year. He was twice married, first to Jessie Muddera and second to Charmian Kildredge, who plays a large part in his later books. He died Nov. 21, 1916.

THE keen eyes of Wolf Larsen, master of the sealing schooner Ghost, bound for Japanese poaching grounds, spotted the bobbing head of Humphrey Van Weyden amid the waves of San Francisco bay, into whose waters Humphrey had been thrown as a result of a shipwreck. A few moments more and Humphrey was aboard the Ghost.

Rescued, he faced his rescuer with thanks and a request to be put ashore. The skipper eyed him curiously. "What do you do for a living?" he asked.

"I—I am a gentleman," Humphrey stammered.

"Who feeds you?"

"I have an income."

Wolf Larsen's lips curled in a sneer. "You stand on dead men's legs. You couldn't walk alone between two sunrises and hustle the meat for your belly for three meals. You stay here as cabin boy for the good of your soul. I'll make a man of you."

Instant rebellion leaped into Humphrey's eyes. Before he could protest there came a sudden interruption—a clamor from the real cabin boy, a great husky youth who stood by. Wolf Larsen turned and crashed his fist into the boy's stomach. Crumpled like a wet rag around a stick, the lad collapsed into a heap on the deck.

"Well," said Wolf Larsen meaningly to Humphrey, "have you made up your mind?"

The spark of manhood in Humphrey died out.

"Yes," he replied weakly.

"Say 'Yes, sir!'"

"Yes sir."

And thus Humphrey passed into the servitude of Wolf Larsen, the Sea Wolf. His blinking eyes, half revealing and half concealing his terror, surveyed his master and thus appraised him: "Massive of build, like a huge gorilla; with a strength, savage and ferocious; features of no evil stamp; eyes of baffling protean gray, sometimes as chill as an Arctic landscape, sometimes all aglow with love-lights—intense, masculine and compelling—which at the same time fascinate and dominate women until they surrender in a gladness of joy and of relief and sacrifice."

His creed, the mighty will which engined Wolf Larsen, was short.

"Life is a mess," he declared. "The big eat the little that they may continue to move; the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all."

His company on shipboard: seamen sodden and sullen by drink, more animal than human; a group of seal hunters, wild reckless nomads, ignorant of an ordered world—all slaves in body and spirit to the Sea Wolf.

Yet there was a gentle side to Wolf Larsen. He was no ignorant cave man. He could discuss literature with "Hump," roll over his lips the poetic glories of Shelley and Browning, argue the sciences with amazing fluency and be disarmingly charming at times.

As the days rolled on and murderous quarrels made the hours hideous, Humphrey's backbone gradually stiffened. He dreamed of killing the Sea Wolf. But Larsen fascinated him and like some splendid animal, some dangerous beast, held him in a spell. He knew the world should be rid of such a monster, yet Larsen's eyes compelled obedience.

Day by day, with not a gleam of graciousness to break the orgy of brutality, this tragic drama went on. Humphrey despaired of even a gleam of sunshine. Suddenly fate intervened in the person of Maude Brewster.

Like Humphrey, she came from the Ghost from the sea, saved from a wrecked liner. Like Humphrey, she

expected to be put aboard a passing vessel. But no! The Sea Wolf had other plans. She was added to the crew as Humphrey was, and likewise "for the good of her soul."

Maude received the news in wonderment. What kind of a man was this mocking master of the Ghost? She was soon to find out.

The cook had offended Larsen. A rope was coiled around the offender and he was cast overboard in the wake of the ship. A shark rushed for him and Larsen ordered him pulled in. Despite the maddened haste, the shark in the final rush tore away the foot of the victim.

"The shark was not in the reckoning, Miss Brewster," said the Sea Wolf, smilingly. "It was—shall we say—an act of Providence."

This scene convinced Humphrey that he must kill Wolf Larsen. His courage flared up so brightly that he actually threatened to murder him.

The Sea Wolf barked a whimsical guffaw: "Bravo, Hump, you do me proud. I like you the better for it."

Humphrey winced. He confided his resolution to Maude, with whom he had fallen in love. She counseled against it, protesting that moral courage always defeats brute force, but she failed to convince him. He knew the Sea Wolf too well.

The dancing lights in Wolf Larsen's eyes when he looked into Maude's warned Humphrey that some day the storm would break. And it did. In the midst of the night, he rushed into Maude's cabin to find her in the crushing embrace of Wolf Larsen.

Humphrey flung himself on the monster to be tossed aside like a chip. He rushed again, drawing his knife, plunging the blade into the Sea Wolf's shoulder. Larsen staggered back and Maude seized Humphrey, begging him not to kill. Suddenly the Wolfe collapsed, not from his wound, but as if from some uncanny spell that paralyzed him. The giant was helpless. Humphrey carried him to his berth and realized that opportunity for escape was at hand.

Maude and he put off in a small boat, hoping that they might make Japan, 600 miles away. But the winds and creeping drift of the Pacific intervened and finally the grim adventure ended for a time on a little Arctic island. Here they prepared to remain for the winter.

Suddenly one morning, weeks after, Humphrey saw on the beach the wreck of a vessel, and it was strangely familiar. It could not be—yes it was—the Ghost. The blood chilled in his veins. Wild thoughts of flight or the sudden ending of both their lives entered his mind. Then a wondering cunning succeeded such fears. He would kill Wolf Larsen, kill him as he slept, for all on board were doubtless sleeping. With knife and gun he climbed to the deck. He saw no one. Was the ship deserted after all?

But as he rounded the poop there burst on his gaze the Sea Wolf. Humphrey raised his gun; the trigger clicked sharply. Then silence.

"Why don't you shoot?" coolly remarked the Wolf.

Humphrey could not speak.

"Hump," said the Sea Wolf, slowly, "You can't do it. And after all I have taught you. You know that I would kill an unarmed man as readily as I would smoke a cigar. Bah! I had expected the better things of you, Hump."

Humphrey slowly lowered the gun. The Ghost's presence was explained calmly by the Sea Wolf. He was caught in a net he had set for his hated brother, "Death" Larsen, his crew were taken away and he was left alone. Pacific storms did the rest.

A strange weariness in the Sea Wolf's bearing, a hesitant, preoccupied air about him puzzled Humphrey. A few days later he again summoned courage to put him out of the way. But this time he saw Wolf Larsen slowly making his way down the deck, his quivering finger tips groping for the hand rails.

Wolf Larsen was blind! No need to kill him.

Maude and Humphrey determined to escape by repairing the Ghost, but the Sea Wolf willed otherwise. Blind and helpless as he was, he craftily contrived to ruin Humphrey's work, determined they should die together, so his grim revenge would be complete. Fiendish cunning and instinct to kill still remained.

A final reckoning was to come. Scorning precaution because he felt the Sea Wolf physically powerless from the suspected presence of a tumor on the brain, Humphrey ventured too near one day. Suddenly the Sea Wolf's stupor passed. The steel-like fingers gripped Humphrey's throat. The trap had sprung.

Maude leaped into action, tearing at Larsen's hands. But for once the Sea Wolf's tremendous will could not spur his weakened body. His fingers twitched and then relaxed and Humphrey was released.

"That was the last play of the Wolf," said Larsen, with his twisted smile. "I'd like to have done for you first, Hump. I thought I had that much left in me."

And so Wolf Larsen faded into unconsciousness, a pitiful ending for this grim sea murderer who pictured himself roaring to death in a blaze of tumult and evil splendor.

Soon the restored Ghost embraced the waves again, freighted with happiness. Then a trail of smoke on the horizon, a rescue and the lovers kiss as the cutter went dancing over the waves on the long road home.

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# Is This to Be a "Cyclone Summer?"

## by John Dickinson Sherman



MILLVILLE, IAN, JUNE 11, 1915



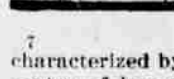
AT ELLIS, IAN, IN JUNE, 1915



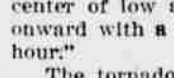
IS THIS to be a "cyclone summer?" Which is to say, is the Mississippi valley to be visited this season by an unusual number of these terrifying tornadoes so destructive to life and property and as freakish as destructive? The early returns seem to indicate that the "twister" is bent on a busy summer.



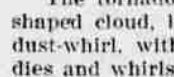
The proper phrase to be used in putting this question is "tornado summer." According to the dictionaries, our American twister is not a cyclone, since a cyclone is a violent storm, often of vast extent, characterized by high winds rotating about a calm center of low atmospheric pressure which moves onward with a velocity of from 20 to 30 miles an hour.



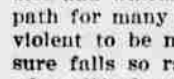
The tornado, on the other hand, is a "funnel-shaped cloud, like a water-spout, sand-column or dust-whirl, with very violent and destructive eddies and whirls of wind, progressing on a narrow path for many miles over land. The wind is too violent to be measured and the barometric pressure falls so rapidly that wooden structures are often lifted and burst open by the air within them."



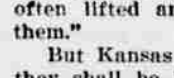
But Kansas calls them cyclones. So cyclones they shall be here. For once upon a time, not very long ago, the east thought Kansas grew cyclones or made them or produced them—whatever the right word is.



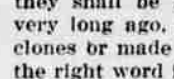
To the early settlers of Kansas, coming as they did from distant eastern states where such phenomena are almost unknown, these storms were one of the wonders of a new country, to be told over and over to visitors and sent as special items of news to papers that gave them wide publicity," says S. D. Flora, Kansas meteorologist.



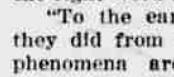
"The result has been that the expression 'Kansas cyclone' has become almost an idiom of the language, and the reputation of the state for visitations of these storms is greater than that of any other part of the country, when, as a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe, in the light of available data, they are any more numerous here, area considered, than in any other states in this part of the country."



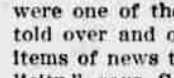
Anyway, Kansas became "the cyclone state," and the thing eventually became such a scandal that, soon after the Civil war Uncle Sam decided to investigate and sent out an army officer to trail the cyclone to its lair. The report of this investigator is still among the dusty archives of the United States weather bureau. It contains facts both of scientific and popular interest.



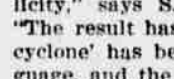
For example, he tells about the woman who lost her hair. He says she was a woman with exceptionally long hair; that the storm cut or tore most of this hair from her head, twisted it into a rope and left it lying near her, while the hair left upon her head was tightly curled into many little wisps filled with sand.



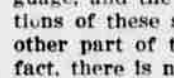
It was the same cyclone, according to this official report, that bore down upon a large house exceptionally well built of logs and heavy native timbers, hit one corner of it a resounding whack, veered off, whirled out around the barn and attacked the house from the opposite side, dissipating it over the landscape so thoroughly that much of it was never seen again.



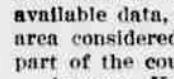
He describes trees in which sand had been driven entirely through the bark into the wood of the tree. And this was not merely on one side of the trunk, but around its entire circumference. In another place he found trees still standing, but stripped of every particle of their bark.



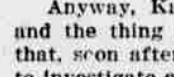
So you see, for a beginner, this official investigator did pretty well.



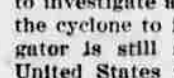
Of course, the weather bureau has accumulated a mass of "cyclone literature." Here's an interesting bit:



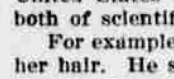
"They may form after several hours of light wind or during a violent thunder storm. Persons



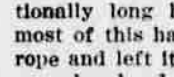
who have witnessed their formation usually report a great commotion in a threatening cloud, or, more commonly, 'two clouds come together.' From this swirling mass the characteristic cloud descends until, in the case of damaging storms, it touches the earth. Sometimes the cloud is really funnel-shaped; more commonly it is described as resembling an elephant's trunk or gigantic snake as it writhes and sways back and forth in its progress. Other observers have stated that it reminded them of a rope swinging back and forth from the clouds. Usually in the case of a slender cloud the color is milky white except near the ground, where it is dark from flying dust and debris. Clouds of large diameter are usually much darker."



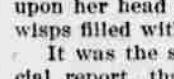
A still better simile, it would seem, is that of a gigantic balloon, scudding low across country before the wind and dragging an enormous cable which trails along on the ground, twisting and turning and creating fantastic destruction.



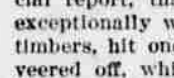
It seems to be established that west of the Rockies and east of the Alleghenies there isn't much danger from cyclones. But anywhere in the Mississippi Valley it's keep your eye open. Chicago has thought itself immune, owing to some peculiar influence exerted by the Great Lakes, but this spring a real twister visited its suburbs to the northwest.



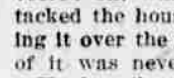
It is estimated by the weather experts that "for any specific area or farm of one square mile the probability of being visited by a tornado is less than 1-16 of 1 per cent per century."



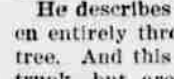
There is a popular feeling that cyclones, like lightning, do not strike the same spot twice. Nevertheless it is of record that Codell, Rooks county, Kan., was hit three years in succession on May 25 at the same hour of the day.



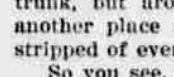
The crop of "cyclone stories" is very large every year. The plain truth is that almost anything that is told may as well be believed. There seems to be no limit to the fantastic vagaries of these twisters. For example, here's what an official weather bureau record says, in part:



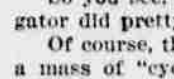
"The freakish occurrences that result from these storms will tax the credulity of a person who has never seen them. The often recited instances of straws being blown with such violence that they are left sticking in the bark and the wood of a tree or post, have to be seen in order to be appreciated. Chickens are sometimes stripped of their feathers and left alive, though more often they are killed."



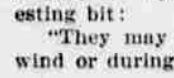
"An instance has been related on credible authority of a dresser being smashed to kindling and its mirror being carried some distance and set down against a fence without being cracked; also, of a window sash being blown from a railway depot, which was demolished, and laid down on an adjoining lawn with a heavy iron scale weight on it without the glass being broken."



"One of the remarkable features noted is the number of almost miraculous escapes."



It is easy enough to understand that a house may be "exploded;" the passing twister creates a partial vacuum and the house, if tightly closed, is blown to pieces by the pressure of the air inside it. This vacuum also explains why feathers are pulled off chickens, since the quills contain air. But when wheat straws are driven into a green tree—then it's time to wonder.



ments. By an act of the Continental congress of September 26, 1778, the treasury was organized with an auditor, comptroller and treasurer, and the same officers still run the treasury under the secretary and his assistants, and all paper money and bonds have the seal, not of the United States of America, but of the treasury of North America. It was the United States of North America which made treaties with France and Spain in 1778, Benjamin Franklin acting as commissioner for Congress.

## United States Treasury Notes

The words "Thesaur: Amer: Septent: Signi," on every treasury note issued by the government are abbreviated words for "Seal of the Treasury of North America." The Revolutionary government of the United States was continued under the Constitution without any change in some depart-

ments. By an act of the Continental congress of September 26, 1778, the treasury was organized with an auditor, comptroller and treasurer, and the same officers still run the treasury under the secretary and his assistants, and all paper money and bonds have the seal, not of the United States of America, but of the treasury of North America. It was the United States of North America which made treaties with France and Spain in 1778, Benjamin Franklin acting as commissioner for Congress.

## Father Youngest of Family.

Age is trying to get back to youth and it is resenting the semi-contemptuous respect of the younger generation. There is one eminent artist in London who absolutely refuses to admit that he is any older than his youngest child—and he has many children. The boys and girls do not call him "sir" or even "father." They all call him "George." And "George" remains the youngest and the most popular of the family.—London Chronicle.

## BRACE UP!

The man or woman with weak kidneys is half crippled. A lame, stiff back, with its constant, dull ache and sharp, shooting twinges, makes the simplest task a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells, urinary disorders and an "all worn out" feeling are daily sources of distress. Don't neglect kidney weakness and risk gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped people the world over.

## A Missouri Case

Mrs. Henry Branch, South Side Addition, Lexington, Mo., says: "I had bladder and kidney trouble and I couldn't be on my feet. My back ached terribly and often made me cry out with the awful pain. My hands, limbs and ankles were swollen and my kidneys didn't act right at all. I had blind, staggering headaches when I couldn't see. I used different medicines but it was Doan's Kidney Pills that cured me and deserve the entire credit."

Get Doan's Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Religions of the World.

According to reliable statistics and carefully-made estimates the adherents of the leading Christian religions number: Roman Catholics, 272,860,000; Protestants, 171,650,000; making a total of 544,510,000 Christians. The leading non-Christian bodies number: Confucianists, 300,830,000; Mohammedans, 221,825,000; Hindus, 210,540,000; Animists, 158,270,000; Buddhists, 128,081,000; Shintoists, 25,000,000. If to these be added Jews and the unclassified, the total non-Christians number 1,081,981,000, who with the Christians make a world's population of 1,646,491,000.

## ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

## Exceptionally Qualified.

Mrs. Gazpize—I'm rather hard to please. Have you had much experience as a maid?

The Applicant—I worked for the Scapleigh Stiles for six months before they separated.

Mrs. Gazpize—I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it.

## SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy directions in package.

## "FREEZONE"

Lift Off Corns! No Pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

## Pretense Called For.

Edward had come to spend the time with Betty while his mother went to the club. She stayed so long they were tired of playthings and of each other. So finally in despair Betty said, "Well, Edward, let's just play we are having a good time."

## Sure Relief



**BELL'S**  
FOR INDIGESTION